

# The Oxford Democrat

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NEW SERIES, VOL. 14, NO. 12.

PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1863.

OLD SERIES, VOLUME 30, NO. 21.

**THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT,**  
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY  
**WM. A. PIDGIN & Co.,**  
PROPRIETORS.

**JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.**

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## MISCELLANY.

### THE EXPECTED LETTER.

BY AMY GRAHAM.

"Maggie, lass! come in! 'Tis too late for Roger to-day, and you are at the door all the day long."

"Nay, only when the work is all done up, father. I can see Roger so much sooner, and my heart is heavy waiting for news."

"You heard last month."

"Last month! Yes, early in May, and 'tis now the last of June. O, father, the days are long, when the ocean rolls between Martin and me!"

"You think he will send for you soon, lass?"

"If it were not for leaving you, I should say, I hope so. But when I think of you, and Annie here—" And Maggie's voice faltered as she bent over the babe in her arms.

"Well, well, we must get on as best we can. There, my iron is hot, and I must stop chatting."

The heavy clang of the falling hammer filled the blacksmith's shop; but Maggie, who had been hushed to sleep by such music from her babyhood, mused, unheeding the clear, ringing sound.

She was very pretty, this lowly heroine of mine, of the true English type, with rosy cheeks, and a complexion pure and white as ivory. She had dainty rows of white even teeth, which, with a pretty winsome mouth, made her smile very beautiful. Her brown, waving hair was the true chestnut, throwing back in the sunlight rays of golden threads as bright as those of the invader who brought them into sight. She was the eldest child of Mark Lee, the blacksmith of the pretty hamlet, of Landsdale, and one of the belles of the village. Yet with the beauty of the whole neighborhood at her feet, Maggie's constant heart had clung to the first love of her childhood—the wooer of her girlhood, Martin Hayes. Martin was her cousin by courtesy, the step-son of her aunt, and as handsome an English boy as ever drove a plough, or made his bow at beauty's shrine. It would have been a difficult matter for either of these young lovers to tell when they first loved. From the time when Martin, some five years old, was first permitted to hold his baby cousin in his arms, his life's devotion was hers, and she gave him a sincere earnest love in return. So as they grew to maturity they learned how sad life must be to either were they parted and with the same trusting love that had submitted her baby steps to his sturdy little arm, Maggie gave her woman's heart to his honest, manly care. They were very young when the blacksmith opened his large eyes wide at the love-story; but he gave them his hearty consent, only stipulating that Martin should have something where-with to support a family before he took a wife. Now, as Martin was the eldest of nine children, and the son of a farmer not very well to do in life, this condition cost him many an anxious hour. His time was valuable to his father, so like a dutiful son he worked away, hoping for a turn of Fortune's wheel until he came of age; then, leaving two brothers to his place, he bade adieu to Maggie, and emigrated to America to win the right to claim his wife.

Poor Maggie! It was the beginning of sorrow for her when Martin pressed the farewell kiss upon her lids, with a promise to send for her as soon as the New World had given him a niche to place her in. The winter which followed his departure was a hard one, and the blacksmith's wife died, leaving a baby only a week old to Maggie's care. She had never had brother nor sister before, and this wee burden became to her tender heart a sure weight. She loved it passionately; but this very love added to her fear lest through her ignorance it should sicken, perhaps die. Mark watched with a father's love both, worried too, lest Maggie should tire of her charge, or the babe suffer in such young, inexperienced hands. Yet, as the child grew older, and every steamer brought good news from Martin, the old light came back to Maggie's eye, the smiles to her lips, the roses to her cheeks. Martin was in a pleasant situation in the large wholesale store of Symmes & Brother, of New York. He had entered into their employ as porter; but his honesty, intelligence, and good parts had made his services more valuable till he was admitted as confidential messenger of the counting-house, respected and trusted, with a salary that would soon warrant his sending for Maggie to join him in America. This was the news in his last letter, written just two years after his departure from England, and Maggie sat in the door-way of the blacksmith's shop musing over it all, thinking proudly of her Martin, tenderly of his love, regretfully, of her father, and oh! so anxiously of the little sister on her knee.

Sometimes raising her soft, dark eyes from Annie's laughing face, she looked longingly down the sunny road, as if her very wishes could bring Roger's red coat and gold-banded hat in sight. Roger was the Queen's mail from Landsdale; and Roger was a boy lover of Maggie's. He dearly loved to tease her about the letters, certain that his reward for bringing one would be the sweetest dish of fruit and best glass of ale from Maggie's cellar. The long summer afternoon was fast turning to twilight, and Maggie had determined to go in, thinking her hope and watching over for the day, when Annie, sitting up, clapped her hands to greet Roger's pony as it came down the road on a full gallop.

"Roger! Father! He is coming!" Mark looked up, gave a little grunt of approval, and then resumed his hammering.

"No letter for me, Roger?" said Maggie, half crying, as he made a feint of dashing past.

"Letter for you, Miss Maggie! Letter—for you? O, now you mention it, I think there is a letter for you."

"Quick! Oh, Roger, how long you fumble in that bag! Give it to me."

"Can't. It's against orders to trust the mail out of our own hands. Ah!" and he slowly dismounted and stood leaning against a tree, just out of the reach of Maggie's impatient hand!

"Oh, Roger, give it to me!"

"Miss Maggie Lee," read the provoking Roger, "per Asia's mail. America. Oh, pshaw! it can't be for you. You have no bean away out there."

"Oh, Roger, don't tease me! Come give me the letter, and you shall have a draught of the old ale you like so well."

"You are sure it is for you?" he said, holding it out, and looking with mischievous eyes into her smiling face, lighted by the pleasant certainty of her anxiously expected letter being there at last.

"Give the lass her letter," said Mark, gruffly, looking up from his eternal hammering; and, with a comic affectation of extreme terror, Roger tossed the letter into the baby's lap, sprang upon his pony, and was off like a shot.

There was a long, long silence. Annie had let the soft white eyelashes fall over her blue eyes; the long shadows were falling round the house before Maggie raised her eyes from her letter. Then her father's "Well, Maggie," roused her.

"He wants me to return in the Asia, father; or, if that is too soon, to write by her at what time I can come."

"Well, Maggie," for her voice had faltered and her eyes filled.

"Oh, father? you—and—Annie—"

"You expected it, Maggie. You are all ready."

"Yes; but—"

"But you think the lassie and I will miss you. So we will, no doubt we will, for you've been a good girl, Maggie; but I have been waiting for that letter to tell you a piece of news."

"News?" she looked up wondering.

"I never would have placed a step-mother over you, Maggie, for you've been housekeeper and mother; but as you are to go away to—I pray and trust—a happy home, I am going to marry again."

"Yes—" she gasped, "yes—who?"

"Mrs. Lawrence. Yes—"

"Oh, father!" cried Maggie, joyfully.

"You are willing to trust Annie and me to her?"

"Annie would have died in the first month of her life if Mrs. Lawrence had not been so kind to her and so willing to teach me. O, father, she is so good so gentle! Oh you must be happy; only," and she laid her head lovingly on her father's arm, "she must not make you forget Maggie."

"Nothing can make me forget Maggie. She has been too long the sunshine of my home for that," said her father. "Write to Martin by the Asia that you will leave in the next steamer, for you must stay to the wedding, lass."

It was a quiet, happy wedding a few days later; and accompanied by her father, sister, and the new mother, Maggie went to Liverpool. The parting was sad; but that once over, the young girl would let none but happy, hopeful thoughts fill the hours of a long voyage across the Atlantic. She was going to Martin. Fifty times a day she looked into her little mirror to see if she was as fair as when Martin left her, and the little locket that contained his picture was consulted as often, with speculations as to where and how the past two years had changed him. An old Irish woman, who was on her way to join her two girls, shrew, in America, "became Maggie's special friend and confidant; and many an hour was spent in telling her old friend of her true-hearted manly lover.

"You'll see him at the landing; he'll meet me there. I'm sure he'll meet me for I wrote by what steamer I would come."

At last the long, weary voyage was over, and the vessel arrived at the port of New York. Maggie's heart beat high; but she

kept near her Irish friend, Mrs. Michael-henny, watching from the deck for the face and form she was sure she could distinguish even in that confusing, crowded mass of human beings. Mrs. Michael-henny's two "girls," Mary and Nora, the latter leaning on the arm of "John Murphy, my husband," as she proudly introduced him good-naturedly waiting with the pretty English girl cheering her with hope, as her heart grew heavy with long, weary waiting. The long day drew to a close; four, five o'clock went by slowly; and all the passengers had left the vessel; the wharf was cleared of its bustling crowd, the heavily laden carts had rolled off with their burdens, hacks full of smiling friends had claimed their relations or visitors from the steamer and driven away, yet Martin did not come.

"Come home with us this night," urged Nora Murphy, "and you'll have the clear day to-morrow to hunt him shure. John will show you the way, if you know the store."

"Symmes & Brother, — Street," said Maggie.

"Och! Ain't I working just for him it, the other side of the street? I'll take you in the morning early. Come home, now, honey; you are white as a sheet with the worry."

"But I am strange to you," faltered Maggie.

"Never mind that," said Nora, kindly; "you can stay the one night, at any rate. Perhaps he is extra busy, and can't get off."

But poor Maggie could not admit that comforting assurance. She felt sure that no trifle would keep Martin from meeting her at that time, and his employers, of whom she had had many accounts, were not, she was certain, the men to detain him. With a very anxious heart, she accepted the kindly offered hospitality of her new friends, passing a wakeful night full of sad forebodings. He must be sick; perhaps, she shudderingly thought—dead. Oh for morning, to see those who knew him!

At last the long night was over, and she could start upon her expedition. John was her polite escort, and left her at the door of Symmes & Brother, promising to come over in a "wee bit," to see if she needed him again.

Through the long store, filled with bales and boxes of merchandise, the trembling girl threaded her way, looking for some one to question. At last she reached the counting-house. A tall, handsome, rather over-dressed young man stepped down from his high stool to meet her, as she came timidly forward. Her neat, quiet dress and pale face, with the timid manner, gave her an air of interest, and he spoke to her courteously.

"You wish to see some one?"

"Martin Hayes, if you please, sir," said Maggie, raising her eyes almost imploringly.

If she had struck him a heavy blow, the face of the clerk could not have grown whiter. His eyes fairly glared for a moment, as he repeated hoarsely,

"Martin Hayes!"

With a new terror, as she marked this agitation, Maggie cried:

"Where is he? He is not dead!"

"What is the matter?" asked a gentleman, opening the door of a small private room leading out of the large counting-house. "Who is this woman?"

Maggie looked up. A kind, good face, with the silvered hair of some sixty winters met her eye. He was good and gentle; that was written on his face; and she went as quickly as her trembling steps would take her, to the new comer.

"Martin Hayes! Oh, sir, where is he?"

"I cannot tell you. And the kind face grew stern and cold. "Who are you?"

"Maggie Lee," she said, simply.

"And who," he asked, half smiling, as he stepped back and took the seat at a desk in the little room, "is Maggie Lee?"

"I have just come from England, sir, to Martin. We were to be married. Oh tell me, sir, where to find him?"

"This is a bad business, a bad business," said Mr. Symmes, shaking his head.

"There, sit down there. Poor child!" for Maggie's white face quivered with emotion. "I am sorry to say that Hayes has proved a bad fellow."

"Martin?" cried Maggie, the quick indignant blood staining her cheek, as she sprang to her feet.

"Yes; he has disappeared with five hundred dollars of our money in his pocket."

"A thief! Oh, sir, it is impossible! Martin, my Martin a thief? It must be false!" She spoke hurriedly, with crimson cheeks and flashing eyes; then, as she stood facing him, the old man's face seemed to fade away dimly, the heavy whirr of the steamer's machinery sounded in her ears, and she fell fainting to the ground.

"Poor child! poor girl!" he raised her gently, and placed her on a sofa.

"This is a bad business,"

Maggie soon regained her consciousness,

to look around the office with a bewildered face.

"Lie still for a few minutes," said Mr. Symmes. "So Martin Hayes sent for you, did he?"

For answer, Maggie put Martin's last letter in his hand. It was a letter that made the old man pause and consider. Could the writer of such sentences be anything but an honorable man? Such love, trust, and hope breathed in every line! He spoke with such noble, manly pride, of his position of trust in the counting-house, so confidently of winning his way to still further advancement, with such grateful affection of his employers—could this man be a thief! As he read he recalled the many acts of noble honesty and manliness that had made him confide in Martin; and, for the first time, there crept into his heart a doubt. The detective police were in his employ, but had no trace of the culprit; could he escape them?

Maggie watched the varying emotions that crossed the frank, kindly face.

"Will you please tell me about it?" she said, as he placed the letter in her hand.

"Martin has already told you that he occupied the position of messenger for the counting-house. One of his duties was to carry money to the bank for deposit, and draw it out for use here. Some two weeks ago, I had a payment of five hundred dollars made late in the afternoon, and gave it to Martin with directions to carry it, as he went home, to pay to a man who lives quite near where he boarded. He took the note, and I find where I directed. The finding the person out, he started in the direction of my house; since then, we have no trace of him. The supposition is that he has left the city, probably disguised. He did not go to his boarding-house, and—and—really, my child, I am afraid—yet how he could when he was expecting you—after writing such a letter as that—dear, dear! it's a bad business!"

"He has been murdered! He never stole your money! He could not do it! Why, he is the soul of honesty. Oh, sir, I have known him since he was a little boy; we have been like brother and sister, and," and here the proud flesh came to her face, and she sat up—"I would stake my life on his honesty."

"Then where is he?"

"God only knows," she said, sadly.

At that moment a loud noise and bustle were heard in the store, and the door of the room was thrown violently open. Two men dragged in a pale, emaciated form with the cry, "Here he is! We found him in the street. Here he is, sir."

The prisoner shook himself free, and stood erect before Mr. Symmes.

"I was on my way here, sir—Maggie!"

She had been looking with strained eyes at his pale, thin face, and in another moment was sobbing in his arms.

"Oh, Martin! I knew you couldn't do it. Tell him, Martin; tell him you are no thief!"

"Thief!"

How the angry blood crimsoned his face!

By this time the little room was filled with men, and near the door, with pallid face, stood the clerk who had greeted Maggie as she entered the counting-house.

Mr. Symmes had not yet spoken, but now he stood up.

"There is no one who will more gladly bear you prove your innocence than I will, Martin. Speak, man! Stay, all of you. You all know the suspicion, stay and hear his defence."

With his arm still around Maggie, Martin spoke:

"I left the counting-house two weeks ago, yesterday, with a note for five hundred dollars in my pocket for Mr. Walsh, to be paid him by Mr. Symmes' orders. But one person in the store knew that I held this money. Stop that man!" and he pointed to the clerk, who was stealing across the room. The others looked at Mr. Symmes.

"Stop him!" he said, shortly, and two others forced the clerk back to his old position.

"John Reeves was the man who saw me take the money, and heard the directions. As I left Mr. Walsh's door, I saw him watching me from the curbstone. He heard the servant tell me that Mr. Walsh had gone to Philadelphia for a week. As I started to come back to Mr. Symmes' house, for I was afraid to take the money home, I was attacked from behind, and struck senseless with a loaded cane. When I recovered my senses, I was in the house of a woman who had found me on the pavement, and had me taken in. I have been there delicious for two weeks. To-day is the first day I have been able to speak a coherent word, and I started to come here; two of the porters, seeing me coming, dragged me, like a culprit, to this room. Mr. Symmes, if you want an account of your money, ask John Reeves where he dealt the last blow with the loaded cane he always carries."

One looked at the miserable clerk was enough. With a cry, he threw himself

before his employer, pouring out prayers for mercy with a confused account of debt, poverty, embarrassment, and penitence.

Of course Martin stood agitated; but the excitement which had borne him through this trying scene once over he grew pale and faint again. Mr. Symmes insisted upon accompanying him to the little house he had prepared for Maggie, and giving away the bride in the wedding that followed instantly, leaving the pale invalid to the care of his loving little wife.

John Reeves, the thief and would be murderer, for he had supposed his blow fatal, was discharged, and left for parts unknown. [God's Lady's Book.

## BREVITIES.

Talent and virtue are less frequently hereditary than the gout.

If a small boy is called a lad, is it proper to call a big boy a ladder?

A stethoscope is a pocket spy-glass for looking into people's chests with your ears.

Your goodness overcomes me, as the gentleman murmured to the champagne, when he couldn't rise from his chair.

"I don't blame Prince Alfred," said Mrs. Partington, "for not wishing to take the throne of Greece; he'd slip off as sure as you live."

A correspondent wants to know whether, considering the great utility of the ocean, poets are not wrong in calling it a "waste of water." [Punch.

Gail Hamilton, in the Atlantic Monthly for April, says: "The man who gave rubber boots to women did more to elevate woman than all the theorists, male or female, that were ever born."

A story is told of an old minister, who once announced to his hearers that on the following Sabbath he would tell his people what time to trim apple-trees. The announcement had the desired effect, drawing out a large congregation. At the close of the service he announced that the time for his hearers to trim apple-trees was when their tools were sharp.

"My deceased uncle," says a humorous writer, "was the most polite man in the world. He was making a voyage on the Danube, and the boat sunk. My uncle was just on the point of drowning. He got his head above water for once, took off his hat, and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, will you please excuse me?' and down he went."

A PERFUMERY STORY. When "boarding-room" was the fashion with teachers, Farmer A., on coming home at tea-time, was introduced to the "school-ma'am." In a moment he perceived a strong odor of musk which came from the school-ma'am's clothing. He entirely charged it on Ponto, who had a strong propensity for muskrats, and at once reprimanded him: "Ponto, you scamp, you have been killing muskrats; go out doors, sir, and get sweetened off." But Ponto did not stir, and Farmer A. spoke more sharply, "Get out, you'll scent the whole house."

The school-ma'am by this time was blushing red as crimson, while the girls and the boys could scarcely keep from bursting into laughter. One of them unnoticed, at last made their father understand how matters stood, and he, of course, dropped the subject. The evening passed away rather awkwardly with all, and the teacher failed to return the next day. On her account the affair was kept quiet until after she had left the neighborhood, when many were the hearty laughs had over farmer A.'s error and the school-ma'am's discomfiture. She omitted musk thereafter. [Agriculturist.

WHAT CONTRABANDS CAN DO. An instance of the daring of negroes is told by a Lake Providence (La.) correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer. Recently a black man, after several days' urgent request for a musket and rounds of ammunition, succeeded in securing his wish. He set out in the night, and by morning reached the vicinity of a rebel guard. He crept cautiously forward, but was seen and watched. Suddenly a sharp crack of rifles brought him to his feet. Before him were three rebel soldiers. He instantly brought his musket up to his shoulder and fired. One rebel fell dead. The negro, by the time the bewilderment of the other two had passed off, was upon them with uplifted musket, threatening them with its immediate descent unless they surrendered at once. They acquiesced in a hurry. Leaving the dead rebel to the dogs, with the other two in tow, the negro returned to our lines and delivered them to the authorities. Since this exploit the negro has made himself useful in scouting and bringing in information.

BEAN-POLES AND PEA-BRUSH. These should have been already secured, but if it has been neglected get a supply at once. Nothing looks more unsightly than peas stuck with brush cut after the leaves have started. [American Agriculturist.



The course pursued by Great Britain in reference to the southern rebellion, is worthy of a passing notice. Prior to its breaking out, the nobility of England have always expressed a great hatred of American slavery. It has brought many a railing accusation against us as a people, because we have tolerated its existence. What has taken place since convicts the British aristocracy of the most consummate hypocrisy in reference to this particular question. When the rebellion was first inaugurated, the London Times, and other tory papers in England, declared it a war, not only on the part of the south but of the north, for the perpetuation of slavery; and as evidence of this, cited the fact that officers in our army returned fugitive slaves—that Fremont's Proclamation and Cameron's Report, recommending emancipation, were overruled by the President. For doing this we were denounced in the severest terms. Judging from the tone of these papers, one would very naturally suppose that an entire change of this policy, if it did not insure the support of the British nobility, would have at least modified their opposition. Mark the result.—The emancipation Proclamation of the President really found no sympathy among the aristocratic classes in England. The appearance of this State paper, exploded their hollow-heartedness, and recorded them a set of southern sympathisers, with the crime of hypocrisy indelibly stamped upon their foreheads. In justice to the middling, industrial classes, it should here be said, that they, as a general thing, upon the appearance of the proclamation became our friends, and have remained so since. But we desire to look a little further into this matter, and examine the course of the English government, upon the question of American neutrality. So far as outside appearances are concerned, it has professed not to take sides against us. But in many respects, these professions of friendship, coming from those high in authority, have proved the basest frauds upon the American people. The "Trent" affair, was seized upon to make a demand upon us, insulting as it was unjust. The diplomatic skill of Secretary Seward got us out of the difficulty, and the controversy terminated nominally with honor to us. After all, nothing can disguise the fact, so keenly felt by the American people, that England took advantage of our domestic difficulties and undertook to humble us, under a menace of war. That affair is not yet settled in the minds of the American people, and never will be until the insult shall be atoned for, and reparation made the federal government. Again, ever since the commencement of the war, the tory press, led off by the Times, has misrepresented us in almost every particular respecting the war. Its daily record of its details has been little else than a tissue of lies. Our victories have been heralded forth as defeats, and our real defeats have been magnified ten fold. The truth has been wilfully suppressed, and falsehood spread broadcast among the English people, in reference to all the material facts in the case. In this way a current of feeling has been kept up against the loyal States, based upon the most flagrant, unlikenship falsehoods. But this is not all. That pompous old traitor, Virginia Mason, and a class of men who have followed in his track, have been at least informally recognized as the representatives of the confederate States. Upon one occasion Mason was allowed to make a speech at a banquet of the Lord Mayor of London. Pretend what they may, the English government has suffered indirect negotiations to be carried on between traitors to our government and our people. Piratical crafts have been fitted up in English ports, and allowed to sail out upon the high seas, to rob, plunder, and destroy our shipping—of this class is the Alabama and Florida. These pirates, and others engaged in the same nefarious business, are permitted to enter British ports to coal and get supplies. And very recently a "confederate loan" of fifteen million pounds hypothecated upon cotton at six cents per pound, has been negotiated, and the Rothschilds, the money Barons of England, furnished the funds. What the next step of British interference with the affairs of the federal government will be, we are unprepared to say. One thing is certain, this government has a settlement hereafter to be made with England, for her many acts of insolence and atrocity. The injury and wrong done our commerce by the Alabama and other piratical crafts coming from British waters, has not to be paid for out of the English treasury. Only let us get this rebellion used up, (as used up it will be,) and then we shall be in the condition to demand justice from England, and get it too. And it will be done. There may be a delay—but the only question involved is one of time.

The "wolf" that has caused so much damage to sheep flocks in the eastern part of the County, the past winter, has at last been killed. He was poisoned by Ammi L. Parker of Carthage. A reward of one hundred dollars, offered for his capture has been paid Mr. P. The animal is said to measure seven feet six inches in length, and stood three feet four inches high.

BY THE GOVERNOR,  
A PROCLAMATION  
FOR A DAY OF  
Public Humiliation, Fasting and  
Prayer.

## NUMBER VII



Whitney Battery came back in obedience to the signal from the flag ship. The Ironsides had already dropped back some distance out of the range of Fort Sumter. At 5 o'clock the entire fleet was out of range, and the action ceased. The Kookuk suffered severely, and considerable loss occurred among her crew. She sunk next morning off Morris Island. The Ironsides and the Monitors were not much injured. All the loss on the latter vessels, was caused by bolts. Eleven large holes apparently running through the walls, some of which are about three feet wide, were made on the east face of Fort Sumter, showing that our fire was not altogether ineffectual. The monitors fired altogether about one hundred and fifty rounds.

**War News.** Public interest has centered on Charleston during the past week, and little news from other departments has been telegraphed. From the West it is reported that the Sunflower expedition has returned. It has been reported that Farragut was up Red river, in a hard place; also, that six iron-clads were to go by Vicksburg, which would relieve him. Another report is to the effect that Gens. Rosecrans and Grant were to join their armies and carry Vicksburg by a land attack. Gen. Burnside seems especially active; and is determined to crush treason within his lines. Any one indulging in treasonable tirades finds a pass and an escort to Dixie. A report comes from New Orleans that Gen. Banks was fortifying all the approaches to the city.

New York, April 15. A letter in the Baltimore American, dated off Charleston bar, 10th inst., says it is now understood that the entire iron-clad fleet will be sent to the Mississippi. It is believed that Gen. Foster has been relieved by the gunboats. Perley telegraphs that the accounts of the attack on Charleston have been magnified by correspondents; and it is not probable that six months preparations will end with one hour's fighting. A dispatch from Jackson, Miss., states that fifty-one yankee gunboats had gone up the Coldwater. A later telegram says the enemy in the Black Bayou are retreating towards the river, laying waste the country.

The Argus cautioned the copperheads not to believe any unfavorable news, but to go the straight Democratic ticket, regardless of news kept back until too late to refute it. It is a significant fact that the reported taken of Charleston was the only news of the slightest consequence which had been reported for a day or two. Was that the unfavorable news that the Argus referred to. [Bangor Courier.]

At the city election in Calais on Monday last, the Union Candidate for Mayor, Hon. Joseph Granger was elected by a majority 234 over Charles C. Porter, democrat. On Wednesday last the house of Jacob Hamilton, on Cousins' Island, Yarmouth, was consumed by fire with all its contents, among which some \$200 belonging to Mr. Hamilton.

Prof. Egbert C. Smyth of Bowdoin College, has been elected to fill the place of Prof. Shedd in the chair of Ecclesiastical History at Andover Theological Seminary.

The Lewiston Journal states that the Thirtieth Maine regiment, Col. Henry Root, Jr., is to be changed to a heavy artillery regiment. The men have had considerable practice with heavy artillery and are well prepared for the change.

A special dispatch to the Journal says important dispatches to the English government go out by the next steamer. It is conjectured that the cabinet has decided upon holding England to a strict accountability in relation to the fleet of pirates evidently intended to be sent out shortly. The transparency of the "Emperor of China" dodge is so glaring, that it was made the subject of jest in Parliament.

Col. Kimball, of the Maine 12th, is an acting Brig. Gen. in Gen. Greville's Division. He is in command at Donaldsonville, a point between New Orleans and Baton Rouge.

Evening Courier. Hon. J. B. Hall, has purchased an interest in the Evening Courier, at Portland, and is to be associated with Mr. Welch in the editorial management of the paper. Some changes are to be made in the type and size of the sheet.

The late foreign papers announce that the insurrection in Poland is substantially quelled. It is said that the Emperor will grant some concessions to the people, when quiet is restored.

The Governor and Council have authorized the raising of a company of State Guards in Paris and Norway.

Sergeant Geo. D. Bishop of Peru, has been appointed 2d Lieut. Co. C. 16th Reg.

The men in the 20th Regiment are suffering from the effects of vaccination. One hundred cases, of a mild type, are reported.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives has passed a bill appropriating \$10,000, for the printing of a Catalogue of the Museum of Comparative Anatomy, at Cambridge, Mass.

**THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF A SERVANT INVALID.**  
Published for the benefit and as a caution to young men and others, who suffer from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, and their kindred ailments—applying the means of self cure. By one who has cured himself after losing a victim to misplaced confidence in medical humbug and quackery. By enclosing a post paid directed envelope, single copies may be had of the author, NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford, Kings County, New York.

**MARRIED.**  
In Paris, 12th, by Rev. P. Jacques, Mr. A. C. Thomas King to Miss Mary E. Morton.  
In Paris, 8th inst., by John Demott, Esq., Mr. Henry F. Smith to Miss Ellen A. Taitt both of Paris.  
In Bethel, 6th, by Rev. D. Garbald, Eliphaz Barback of Newry, to Mrs. Nancy Harden of Bethel.

**DIED.**  
In Newry, Feb. 12, Hannah, wife of Eliphaz Barback, aged 46.  
In Bowdoin, March 20, Mrs. Sally, wife of Moses Merrill, aged 39.

**FRUIT TREES.**  
J. W. ADAMS.  
Invites the attention of buyers to his stock of PEAR and APPLE TREES, which, owing to the favorable season last year, are very vigorous and healthy. A few very strong Delaware and Hartford Profits Vines can be spared, but the stock of medium sized vines, of all the Early Sorts, is quite large. Black Hauling and other Vines for Grapes. The New Currants and New Strawberries, all as low as can be found elsewhere of the same excellence. His new catalogue will be mailed free to applicants.

**HARDY PLANTS.**  
NORWICH, N. H. GROWN.  
ROSES, Japan Lilies, Gladioli, Peonies, Shrub, Hedge Plants, Evergreens, and Ornamental trees.  
For sale by JOHN W. ADAMS, PORTLAND, ME.  
Look at the prices in the new Catalogue, sent free.  
Portland, April 10, 1863.

**STOCK OF Millinery Goods, FOR SALE.**  
ON account of ill health, the undersigned offers her stock of Millinery Goods for sale at cost, and will let her store to the purchaser at very reasonable terms. This stand is the oldest and most central in Newry Village, and is a very desirable one for any person wishing to engage in the Millinery and Dress Making business.  
H. W. GOODNOW.  
Newry, March 30, 1863.

**Collector's Notice.**  
EXCISE TAX  
NOTICE is hereby given to the several persons who are assessed under the excise tax, in the following towns in the County of Oxford—Albany, Andover, Bethel, Byron, Buckfield, Canton, D. Field, Hartford, Hiram, Gorham, Gilead, Upton, Newry, Mexico, Hamden, Oxford, Woodstock, Milton and Franklin Plantations—that I will receive said taxes at my dwelling-house in Hamden, from the fifteenth till the thirtieth day of April, and to all taxes then remaining unpaid ten per cent. will be added, according to section 19 of the excise tax act. And all persons who have not paid their excise taxes are notified that unless the tax is paid before the thirtieth day of April, the tax will be enforced.  
Randolph, April 9, 1863.  
TIMOTHY WALKER, Deputy Collector.

**KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, THAT I, A. OSCAR NOYES, NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.,** Have Constantly on hand and am selling at the old prices, Trusses, Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Bitters of all kinds, Eng ish Porter, Pain Killers, Cough Syrups and Cough Remedies. Also, all kinds of PILLS ever heard of. Loments, Ointments, Cataplasms and Root Oil, Plasters, Tinctures and Essences of every kind, Concentrated Extracts and Essential Oils.

**Extracts for Cooking Purposes, PERFUMERY, Fine Toilet and Castile Soaps, Hair Oil, Hair Dyes, and various kinds of Hair Preservers. ROOTS, HERBS and BARKS of various kinds. Thomsonian & Homeopathic REMEDIES. FINALLY ALL KINDS OF Drugs, Chemicals & Dye Stuffs.** Usually found in a first-class drug store.

I also have on hand and am constantly receiving from Importers, all the late patterns of **ROOM PAPERS, Curtains and Borders, which I am retelling at the Wholesale prices, and if you don't believe it call and get the prices, and then try in the city and judge for yourself.**

**NOTE and Letter Paper and Envelopes, Of various kinds and extra quality. Mourning Paper and Envelopes, School Books of various kinds, Chalk Crayons for the Black Board, Pens, Ink, Drawing Paper, Keizers, S-liners, Showers, Razors, Cuts, Pencils, Wafers, Combs, Teeth and Nail Brushes, Dimples, Barkeepers' bottles, and all the useful Fancy Wares. Bibles, Prayer Books, and a good assortment of Toy and Juvenile Books for the Young Folks, which will be sold to teachers very low. Call and see my stock of goods, and remember the place is at**

**A. OSCAR NOYES' Norway Black, Norway, Me.**

**NOTICE.** ALL persons indebted to the undersigned on book accounts are hereby notified to call and settle the same, and any one having demands of any kind will present them before the 1st of May next, as I have proposed removing my residence.

After the above date any accounts will be left in the hands of a collector, Gibson Chapman, Esq., of Bethel.

**NOTICE.** The term of the law firm of B. & L. & L. expired on the 21st day of March, 1863, and the partnership was thereby dissolved, except for the purpose of the final settlement of the business thereof.

**W. W. HOLSTER, LUTHER H. LUDDEN.**

**NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.** Whereas, Simon Gray of Lovell, in the County of Oxford, by his deed of mortgage dated July 23d, 1856, conveyed to the undersigned a certain parcel of land in Lovell, and being those Number thirty-two, to secure the payment of a certain sum of money, which said deed is recorded in the Oxford Western District Registry. Now, therefore, the conditions of said mortgage deed being broken, the undersigned, by reason whereof, claims a fore closure of said mortgage.  
LOVELL, April 13, 1863.  
T. B. HARRIS, Esq.

**NOTICE.** All persons are hereby forbidden purchasing a note of hand for forty-one dollars, or less, from D. Fox of Newry, Me., from T. B. Mason, of Fitchburg, Mass., dated Nov. 1, 1860, as payment has been made on said note.  
T. B. MASON.  
Fitchburg, April 9, 1863.

**NOTICE.** This may certify that I have this day given to my son, Zebah A. Buck, his time to trade and act for himself. I shall claim none of his wages, nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date.  
Buckfield, April 13, 1863.  
ABRAHAM BUCK.

**Only 25 Cents.**  
**IMPORTANT TO FISHERMEN.** A valuable secret, by which you can be sure of success in fishing, in all kinds of weather. The fish are compelled to be caught, and instead of waiting for a bite, you will have all you can do to take care of what you catch. **POSITIVELY NO HUMBUG.** Sent by mail, post paid, to any address, on receipt of 25 cents in postage currency, or stamps. Address: E. SPRAGUE & SONS, Lock Box 24, Farmington, Me.

The undersigned hereby gives public notice that she has been duly appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of administratrix of the estate of ANSA D. PACKARD late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to March 17, 1863. SARAH S. PACKARD.

The undersigned hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Executor of the last will and testament of MARY STEVENS late of Fryeburg, in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to March 17, 1863. SAMUEL THIBBETTS.

The undersigned hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Executor of the last will and testament of ALVAN BOLSTER late of Ramford, in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to March 17, 1863. LYMAN BOLSTER.

The undersigned hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Executor of the last will and testament of DANIEL HALL late of Ramford, in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to March 17, 1863. HENRY S. HALL.

**NOTICE.** At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of March, A. D. 1863. CALEB F. POOL, administrator on the estate of George G. Brock, late of Andover, in said County, deceased, having presented his first and final account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance.

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**Hereford Stock for Sale.**  
THE undersigned offers for sale, if called for within the present month—  
1 three-year-old Grade Hereford Bull.  
2 two-year-olds, do.  
1 yearling do.  
The above are good stock animals, and will be sold on favorable terms. Inquire of S. T. HOLMES, Esq., Oxford, April 6, 1863.

**FOR SALE.**  
**A Chester bear**  
Three Years Old.  
For facility, and everything that makes a perfect animal, he cannot be surpassed.  
Address, S. J. FROST, ALBANY, ME.

**Dwelling Houses for Sale**  
IN NORWAY VILLAGE.  
WILL be sold at once, the valuable Dwelling House and out buildings, now occupied by the subscriber. This being one of the best to a good opportunity is now presented for any one desiring to secure a desirable private residence.

**House for Sale.**  
WILL be sold on reasonable terms, the house now occupied by Isaac Bennett, at Sugar Falls Village, in Norway. The premises include 4 acres of land and some twenty thirty fruit trees. The location is pleasant, and immediate possession will be given on sale.

**Farm for Sale at a Bargain!**  
THE subscriber offers his Farm for sale, containing from 60 to 70 acres of superior inter-valley land; also a wood lot of 40 or 50 acres. There is an excellent Sugar Place, on which can be made 1 or 2 bbls. sugar annually. The buildings need but little repair, and are surrounded by the farm, which is only half a mile from Fryeburg town, and is a very desirable location, and is well watered. The soil is naturally very fertile and easily cultivated, making it a desirable location. It will be sold much below its real value.

**INCORPORATED 1810!**  
**HARTFORD Fire Insurance Co.,**  
OF HARTFORD, Conn.  
CAPITAL AND ASSETS, \$1,046,333.00.  
POLICIES ISSUED AND RENEWED. Losses equitably adjusted and paid immediately upon satisfactory proof, in New York funds, by the undersigned, the DULY AUTHORIZED AGENTS.

**WANTED.**  
1000 Good, Clean, Full Hooped FLOUR BARRELS, with Heads well fitted, for which FLOUR or CASH will be paid at  
PARIS FLOUR MILLS, WOODMAN, BRO. & CO.  
So. Paris, March 17th, 1863.

**Wanted Immediately.**  
20,000 FLOUR BARREL HOOPS AND 25 CORDS WHITE BIRCH TIMBER, By A. SANBORN & SON.  
So. Paris, March 18th, 1863.

**FOR SALE!**  
25,000 FEET SEASONED Pine Boards & Plank Suitable for Building Purposes, by A. SANBORN & SON.  
So. Paris, March 18th, 1863.

**Ground Plaster**  
THE subscriber will continue to grind PLASTER, in WEST PARIS, the present season, and will keep constantly a supply of the best quality, which will be sold at the lowest market rates.  
S. B. LOCKE.

**Freedom Notice.**  
THIS is to certify that I have this day for a valuable consideration, given my son, Geo. W. Hamlin, the remainder of his time during his minority, to act and trade for himself. I shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date.  
Witness: C. C. SANDERSON, Waterford, April 25, 1863.

**Annual Meeting.**  
THE members of the Norway Mutual Fire Insurance Company are hereby notified to meet at Benjamin Tucker's shop, in Norway, on the first Tuesday of May next, at two o'clock P. M., for the purpose of choosing officers for the ensuing year, and transacting any other business that may legally come before said meeting.  
MARK P. SMITH, Sec'y.  
Norway, April 6th, 1863.

**Plants. Plants.**  
THE subscriber takes this opportunity to inform the public in this vicinity, that he will be pleased to furnish from his hot-bed, in season, for transplanting, the following plants: TOMATOES, CABBAGES, REETS, LETTUCE, and TURNIPS. Orders may be left at the Post Office, Norway. Plants will be delivered at the depot at So. Paris, Norway, Feb. 28, 1863.

**Bounties, and Back Pay**  
Procured for the heirs of DECEASED SOLDIERS, PENSIONS FOR WIDOWS, Mothers, Children, and Disabled Soldiers, BY CHARLES C. SANDERSON, Attorney & Counselor at Law, NORWAY, Me.  
Norway, Feb. 5, 1863.



**TESTIMONIALS.**  
NEW YORK, Feb. 7, 1863.  
I have introduced the justly celebrated Anderson Spring Bed foundation now sold by Mr. Whittier, into my home, and to my sleeping apartment. I am using it, and find it fully up to its high recommendations.  
OTIS TRUE.

**TESTIMONIALS.**  
NORWAY, Feb. 9, 1863.  
For a long time I have been trying to find a Spring Bed to suit me, and I think the thing is at length found. I have obtained from Mr. O. Whittier, agent, one of the Anderson Spring Bed Bottoms, and after using it I do not hesitate to pronounce it the best, the easiest and most comfortable bed bottom that I ever saw.  
SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

**TESTIMONIALS.**  
So. Paris, Feb. 9, 1863.  
I am using the Spring Bed on 12d. Anderson Patent, introduced by Whittier, and can without hesitation give it the decided preference over any other bed bottom with which I am acquainted, and think that all who want a comfortable bed would do well to give this a trial.  
JAMES DEERING.

**TESTIMONIALS.**  
We have introduced several of the justly celebrated Anderson Spring Bed Bottoms to our sleeping apartments. We give this spring bed bottom a decided preference over any and all others we have ever used. Our guests speak of them in the highest terms. We recommend their use to all hotel keepers who desire the comfort of their guests. W. D. McLAUGHLIN & SON, May 12, 1863. Franklin House, Bangor, Me.

**TESTIMONIALS.**  
Mr. D. H. Frohock has furnished the beds in my home with the Anderson Spring Bed Bottom, and I take pleasure in commending this article as the most convenient, economical and comfortable thing of the kind with which I am acquainted.  
A. H. ARBUTT.  
Prin. of Family School, Little Blue, Farmington, Me.

**TESTIMONIALS.**  
I have had the unexpressed pleasure of sleeping on one of the Anderson Spring Bed Bottoms, for the last three weeks, and must say it far surpasses anything I have before experienced. My wife, who is feeble, has had no good rest for six months till occupying one of these beds. She would not part with it on any account.  
Rev. JOHN ALLEN.  
Farmington, Feb. 28, 1862.

**TESTIMONIALS.**  
Having tested the Anderson Spring Bed Bottom, I can cheerfully recommend it to all who are in need of such an article; and I believe it to be superior to anything of the kind now in use.  
Rev. E. HAWES.  
Waterford, April 12, 1862.

**TESTIMONIALS.**  
Spring Bottoms and Town Rights for sale. Messrs. Bennett & Mosse have purchased the right for Paris. Wm E. Cushman—Oxford. Allen Tuttle—Buckfield. H. A. Jewett—Waterford. Joel Crocker—Newry and Greenwood. Newell M. Verney—Stonewall. Stockbridge Eaton—Dix and Mexico. Wm. Woolson, Jr., Peru. Twitcheil & Goodland, Bethel.

**Portland & Boston Line.**  
Summer Arrangement  
The splendid new sailing steamer, **Fast City, Lewiston and Boston**, will sail till further notice, on as follows: Leave Atlantic wharf, Portland, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday at 7 o'clock, P. M., and India wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 7 o'clock, P. M.  
Fares—on deck, \$1 50; in cabin, 1 25.  
N.B.—Each boat is furnished with a large number of state-rooms, for the accommodation of ladies and families; and travellers are reminded that by taking this line much saving of time and expense may be made, and that the convenience of arriving in Boston at late hours of the night will be avoided.

The boats arrive in season to take the earliest trains out of the city. The company are not responsible for baggage to an amount exceeding \$50 in value, and that personal baggage notice is given, and paid for at the rate of one passenger for every \$500 additional value. Freight taken as usual.  
L. BILLINGS, Agent.  
Portland, May 4, 1862.

**MAN HOOD, HOW LOST! HOW RESTORED!**  
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